

VOL. XIII.-No 335.

AUGUST 8, 1883.

Price, 10 Cents



PUBLISHED BY  
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878

OFFICE No. 21-23 WARREN ST.

"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES."



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## PUCK.

OFFICE: Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET,  
NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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(United States and Canada.)

One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - -	\$5.00
One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers, - - - - -	2.50
One Copy, for 13 weeks, - - - - -	1.25
(England and all Countries in the Berne Postal Treaty.)	
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We cannot undertake to return Rejected Communications. We cannot undertake to send postal-cards to inquiring contributors. We cannot undertake to pay attention to stamps or stamped envelopes. We cannot undertake to say this more than one-hundred-and-fifty times more.

## NOTICE.

Numbers 6, 9, 10, 14, 16, 22, 25, 26, 29, 38, 41, 56, 87, 110, 113 and 118 of English PUCK will be bought at this office at 10c. per copy; and No. 131 at 25c.

## JUST OUT:

## PUCK ON WHEELS

Price 25 Cents.

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**Poor Judge Hoadly** probably realizes by this time the folly of his easy generosity. The next time he has to buy a nomination he will probably buy it just as cheap as he can. Before he goes into a campaign, he will inform himself of the market price of nominations, and then go around and try to get a discount on that. He might even obtain a "reduction on taking a quantity"—speculating on three or four successive campaigns, for instance. If he didn't get elected on the first, he might catch it on the second or third try. Hoadly's only fault appears to have been paying too much for his political whistle. His extravagance shocked his friend, and when his friend told Governor Foster of it, it shocked Governor Foster too, and now Governor Foster is trying to shock the public. But we really think that if Mr. Foster is going to pose as a—political economist, we were going to say—he ought to give us a clear idea of just how economical he and his colleagues were in what our E. C. the *Sun* calls "the Fraud of 1877" and in the Indiana "soap" campaign of 1880.

## TOO HIGH.



Oh, no, he didn't want the nice bunch of grapes at all, bless you!

Some of the young college graduates and ambitious farm-hands who, all over the country, are trying their utmost to "get into journalism," might feel a little dampening of their enthusiasm, might note a little clouding of their golden anticipations, if they would take a glance at the work laid out by the monopolists for the journalists in their employ—especially in this present struggle between underfed labor and overfed capital. It is painful to think that any self-respecting newspaper man should be obliged to belie the decent principles of manhood and use his pen to advocate injustice, cruelty and greed at the dictation of the men who have bought his paper out of the money which ought to have been paid to wretched clerks and artisans for their honest and faithful work. Yet there are many who have had to do this to get their daily bread and the bread of their wives and children. Not so easy a life, after all, this free life of the journalist! Every man with bowels in him sympathizes with the telegraphers in their strike; but how many writers on the daily press have had the opportunity to express their sympathy? The *Times* has taken a manly and noble stand; but most of the other papers—most of the Republican papers, we are sorry to say—are singing the song of the monopolists. The men on the *Herald*, on the *Tribune*, on the *World*, on the *Sun*, must trim and shift and write mealy-mouthed twaddle. And as to the slaves on the *Mail and Express*—why, sawing wood in the sun would be preferable to doing such unprincipled work as they have to do.

They had a champion mean man up in Connecticut once, who charged a wayfarer ten cents for a glass of water; but he has got to

give up the belt now to the tender daisy who has taken Austin Dobson's beautiful ballade, "This is the Pompadour's fan," carved it, mangled it, hashed it up with a cleaver, and served it out again to the country press as "This was fair Josephine's fan." It is pretty hard, especially as polecats are not known to use pen and ink, to understand how such a thing as this could have been done, or what prompted the doer to desecrate that daintiest of poems; but the atrocity has been committed, and we found the mangling in our E. C. the *Norristown Herald*, credited to "Unknown." Would he were known! We should like to have a half-column matinee with that name and address. The exercises would be interesting.

We suppose it is human nature—and a very bad trait of human nature it is—that no sooner does a man find that he has more money than he can comfortably handle than he immediately proceeds to make it as uncomfortable as possible for those who have not sufficient for their needs. The old-fashioned tyrants prided themselves on the number of their slaves. They liked to own their fellow-creatures. The new-fashioned tyrant cannot own his fellow-creatures; but a little thing like that does not trouble him very much. He can give him what wages or what work he pleases, or he can prevent his getting either. This is equivalent to owning him, and the tyrant monopolist feels satisfied.

Although the next Presidential campaign may not be fought on the square issue of Free Trade or Protection, it nevertheless seems likely that this question will enter largely into the contest. And the monopolists—and, strange to say, they are all Republicans—will, so far from reducing the tariff, hoist the standard of higher duties, and make the position of the laboring man and mechanic rather worse than it is now. It cannot be a mere accident, this connection between Republicanism and Protection. It is the rich man who advocates Protection, not the poor one. To the former it means additional wealth, to the latter it means additional expense for almost every necessary of life.

And then, again, Protection does not benefit the needy struggling manufacturer. If it were so, he would be neither needy nor struggling. It benefits solely the rich monopolists, who are fast getting the whole country into their clutches. As another step toward this, they have already raised their flag, and, aided by their press, have turned on their guns against the people—the bone and sinew of the nation. And while on this question of the Presidential campaign, we just wish to pay our respects to a gentleman, or rather to two gentlemen, who do not come in the category of either monopolists or Republicans. We mean dear old Nunky Sammy Tilden and his whilom partner of '76, Mr. Hendricks. Mr. Hendricks is reported to have said that he would run again if Mr. Tilden would. But, of course, according to the *Sun*, Mr. Tilden will not be a candidate—and we do not see how Mr. Hendricks could be, either, under such circumstances. Indeed, the old ticket will scarcely do again; it is no longer good for the journey. It has served its purpose. It is played out.

The President is at  
YELLOWSTONE PARK,  
and drinking in its beauties, but

## PUCK ON WHEELS

is not only at Yellowstone Park; but on every newsstand and at every news-dealer's, from Dan to Beersheba, Maine to California, and from Manitoba to Louisiana. All can partake of the delights of this *recherché table-d'hôte* for the merely nominal sum of twenty-five cents.

# THE VERY LATEST REPORTS OF THE TELEGRAPHERS' STRIKE

IF IT IS NOT OVER.

The superintendent of the Western Union reports as follows:

Kalamazoo, O. K.; Calcutta, one hour behind; Belearic Isles, O. K.; Harlem, ten hours behind; Blackwell's Island, O. K.; Peoria, O. K.; Coney Island, O. K.; Moscow (Russia), O. K.; Twenty-third Street, O. K.; Timbuctoo, O. K.; North Pole, O. K.; Tamatave (Madagascar), ten minutes behind; Moon, O. K.; Sun (Solar System), fifteen minutes behind; Jupiter, O. K.; Venus, O. K.; Saturn, O. K.; Mercury, half an hour behind; Mars, O. K.; Neptune, twenty-four hours behind; Sirius, O. K.; Uranus, O. K. All other points in the Solar System are O. K. Hoboken and Hohokus are four hours behind, and the accumulation of messages is large; but they will be cleared off before night. Pekin (China), O. K.; Petropaulovski, O. K.; Ujiji, O. K.; London (England), O. K.; Yorkville, twenty-four hours behind.

The directors of the Western Union know nothing about a strike. "Business goes on just as usual. In fact, there has been no strike at all. It is a vile invention of a subsidized press.

WHAT THE TELEGRAPHERS HAVE TO SAY.

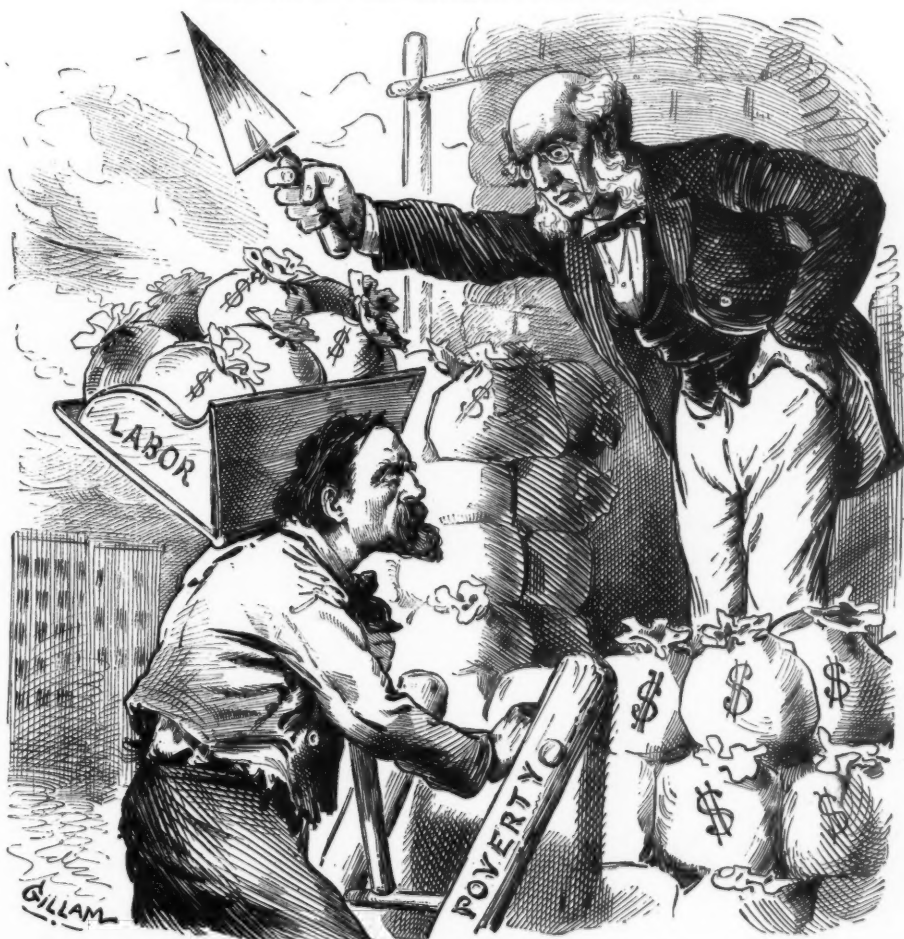
"The Western Union Company has not been able to send a single message since we struck. One of the Brotherhood reports that there are at least 7,806,321,785,532,911,000 messages on the hooks, and all assertions to the contrary are unworthy of credit. A secret meeting will be held to-morrow, when the whole of the telegraphic system of the United States will be

purchased by President Arthur out of his allowance of pocket-money. This will have the effect of entirely upsetting all the arrangements of Mr. Jay Gould and his brother monopolists.

"The Brotherhood have made a new schedule of rates of pay. Wheatstone operators are to receive ten thousand dollars a month; ordinary Morse operators, seven thousand dollars a month; women operators, five thousand dollars a month; messenger-boys, one thousand dollars a month. President Arthur has agreed to these terms, and will endeavor to get his own salary raised by Congress. There has been no tampering whatever with the wires.

"The slander originated with a private watchman, who saw one of the telegraph operators strike a light for his cigarette on a pole. The wires, indeed, are in better condition than ever they were. So far from interfering with communication in any way, on the contrary, to show their good faith and tender feeling toward the Western Union, they have, without being asked, erected upward of four hundred new wires to different points; and when they go back, they will not demand payment for the expensive job, as it has been done entirely on their own responsibility. As President Arthur has come to our rescue," continued the spokesman of the telegraphers: "we shall, as soon as possible, take steps to relieve him of the burden, and have therefore made arrangements for forming a Co-operative Telegraph Company, toward which every man, woman and child in the United States must contribute a million dollars. In consideration of this subscription, each person will be allowed to send twenty-five messages at half-rates. The Western Union Company, Mr. Jay Gould and his business friends will then retire into private life."

## A FAIR DIVISION OF LABOR— BUT NOT A FAIR DIVISION OF ITS RESULTS.



CAPITALIST (building a colossal fortune):—"It's ALL MY GOLD. I MAKE IT WITH MY BRAIN!"  
WORKMAN:—"YES, BUT IT'S MY BACK THAT BRINGS IT TO YOU."

## Puckerings.

A PICKED NINE—The Muses.

SEIZED POSSESSED—The Burglar.

THE POSSESSIVE PLURAL—The Mormon.

ONLY SIX weeks more and the straw hat will follow Carey the Informer.

A SUMMER-RESORT AND WHAT I TOOK THERE,  
My Uncle's. | My Ulster.

Now the cornetist will rent himself at a reduced rate for the rest of the season at any seaside resort.

THIS is about the time of year when the prudent church-fair organizations make their contracts for their oyster. It is likely to be dearer next month.

The Rural New Yorker adds to our knowledge by telling us how to flavor unlaidd eggs. The best way of flavoring unlaidd eggs is, in our opinion, to have the chicken broiled.

NOW THE watermelon-patch  
Is its owner's pride,  
Now the little Ethiops scratch  
Buckshot from their hide.

A MAN NAMED John Holland is 102 years old and weighs 104 pounds. This is at the rate of a pound a year. David Davis would have to live to the age of Methusalem to measure himself by Mr. Holland's standard.

IF a man doesn't wear his light overcoat on a rainy day he is drenched by the rain. If he does wear his light overcoat he is drenched by perspiration. This bit of philosophy is freely translated from the Persian.

WITH EARTHQUAKES in Italy, Cholera in Egypt, and book-agents all over the country, things are in a pretty bad way. The only speck of brightness in the clouds is PUCK ON WHEELS, which is for sale everywhere; price twenty-five cents.

The Congregationalist talks of "the decline of honor" in our army and navy. And yet the number of debts of honor that have been paid by officers must be quite large—if we may judge by some of the court-martials and the references to poker-playing.

THE WHISTLE of a locomotive is heard 3,300 yards, the bark of a dog 1,800 yards, and the shriek of a young woman bathing in the surf about forty miles; on the other hand, the cry of a conductor on an Elevated train is audible only over a space of three feet.

NOW THE clerklets known as slaves  
Get  
Away  
For half a  
Day,  
And wet  
In the waves  
At Rockaway.

ONE OF the English magazines recently printed a long article on lemons, without hinting at the part the lemon plays in circus lemonade. But perhaps the author of the article in question is an American humorist, and knew perfectly well that the only lemons that ever get within a mile of the lemonade peddled in a circus are the lemons in a neighboring grocery store.



## TO PREVENT DROWNING ACCIDENTS AT THE SEA-SIDE—



DECORATE THE DANGER ROPES AS ABOVE, AND RASH BATHERS WILL NOT WANT TO GO OUTSIDE OF THEM.

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXCIII.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL.



Ya-as, I don't know that I evah experienced a maw agreeable surprise than the weceipt of a telegwam fwom New York fwom my old and exceedingly de-ah fwiend, Monsignor Capel, informing me of his arrival on the *Aravizona*.

Of course I could not he-ah of his staying anywhere else but with us, consequently I immediately had wooms pwepared faw the de-ah fellow, and requested him to be my guest faw an unlimited perwiod, to which he gwaciously consented.

Capel is awfully good company, and, indeed, no one can know him as I do without cherwishing faw him the verwy stwongest wegard. Perwhaps this is because he is such a verwy high and famous dignitary of the Woeman Catholic Church, and is on such verwy fwiendly terms with everybody worth knowing in Gweat Bwitaen, even those who are not membahs of his church. It will be wemembered that Diswaeli intwoduwed Monsignor Capel as a aw Monsignor Catesby in one of his peculi-ah womances. I believe it was called "Lothair." The herwo was intended faw Bute, ye know. Capel induced Bute to become a Woemanist, and a gweat deal of surprise was occasioned by Bute's conversion, especially as it was soon aftah followed by that of the Marquis of Wipon. Wipon aw is now Vicewoy of India.

"Capel, de-ah boy," I said to him in the course of conversation: "what a jolly good pope you would make."

"What induces you to think so?" he weplied, with that clewah shrwewd smile of his.

"Because—and I abhor showerwing compliments on people—you have such a soft and gentle nature, and so twuly wefined and convincing a mannah. You are aw," I continued: "my

*beau ideal* of a pwincely ecclesiastic, weminding me stwongly of a Wichelieu or a Mazarwin; only, unfortunately, you do not possess the powah that these fellows had, owing to the differwent mannah in which Governments are carwied on in these aw degenerate days. You see, there is scarcely any chance at all faw intwigue."

"That last wemark is not pwecisely flattering," said Monsignor Capel, laughing heartily: "but I think I compwehend your meaning. I assure you I succeed in gaining my point without any gweat necessity faw intwiguening, as you insinuate is indispensable to a church dignitary."

And he smiled agreeably again, and I felt that perwhaps my aw wemark was not in the best of taste, although he did not seem to look on it in that way.

I discussed the subject of pweaching, and expressed a hope that he would do something of the sort he-ah, as I undahstood he had been verwy successful in this way in Florwence and othah places. As soon as I allow him to leave me he is going to twavel about to the differwent watterwing-places to see something of the country. We talked also on the Irwish question, and the pwospects of Catholicism in Gweat Bwitaen, and of Erwington's quee-ah circulah.

"Aw," I said to Capel, as I contemplated his clewah countenance and wobust appearance, just as Mrs. Fitznoodle entahed to go out faw a dwive with us: "you must weally stay and lectchah he-ah. You will have thousands of hearwahs. I am quite anxious to he-ah your views on 'Disestablishment of the Church of England, and the Condition and Fuchah Pwospects of that Institution.'"

"Perwhaps I may be induced to do something of the kind," was his weply aw.

JUST OUT:

PUCK ON WHEELS.

Price 25 Cents.

## LONDONIZED NEW YORK.

It is said that London is becoming rapidly an American city. With American canned vegetables, American drinks and American oysters, it does not require, we are told, a great stretch of the imagination for an American to imagine his foot is on his native heath and that his name is Doodle.

We do not know from personal experience whether this is strictly true; but if it is, we have to report that a like change has taken place here. New York has become so thoroughly Londonized, that a Londoner, when he arrives, immediately has to devote at least half an hour to collecting his thoughts before he can realize that he is not walking down Cheapside, or strolling through St. James's Park.

This is why now no well-regulated New Yorker ever thinks of buying a "railroad ticket." He "books." He cannot drink a mug of "Bass"—it does not agree with him. He calls for "stout-and-bitter," instead. He would be nothing but a vulgar American if he entered a "stage." So he rides in a "bus" to keep up his reputation for foreign birth.

Now no New Yorker with a character to lose thinks of asking a bar-tender for a "cocktail." He demands from the pretty barmaid some "gin-and-bitters." Nor does he think of driving with "lines"—"reins" are the things with which he performs the feat. "Lawyer" is a word entirely obsolete. "Solicitor" and "barrister" have been substituted for it. So have "railway-carriages" for "cars"; and to speak of a "conductor" instead of a "guard" would at once stamp the New Yorker as being utterly destitute of breeding. But even then he must proceed carefully, or he will assuredly come to grief. The path abounds in pitfalls and stumbling-blocks. He has to be especially cautious about tackling anything connected with a "railway," not, be it remembered, a "railroad."

The Londonized New Yorker says "stoker" and "driver," when his father would have referred to them as "engineer" and "fireman." Now it is always "pointsmen" and "shunting"—only third-rate people would talk about "switchmen" and "switching off"—certainly not decent Americans. Nor would they say "a quarter of four" when they meant "a quarter to four," a "pitcher" for a "jug," or a "six-shooter" for a "revolver," or "chicken" for "fowl," or "gunning" for "shooting," or "hack" for "cab," or "matinée" for "morning performance," or "gaiters" for "boots," or "rum" (generically) for "spirits," or "tight" for "mops and brooms," or "chain" for "watch-guard," or "breast-pin" for "brooch," or "elevator" for "lift," or "clever" for "agreeable," or "judge" for "magistrate," or "Fall" for "autumn," or "fishing-pole" for "fishing-rod," or "arrested" for "apprehended," or "race-track" for "race-course," or "track" for "line," or "sundown" for "sunset," or "smoke-stack" for "funnel," or "propeller" for "screw," or "sidewalk" for "pavement," or "baggage" for "luggage," or twenty thousand things for twenty thousand other things.

This is what makes New York so happy. Because it knows that the greater portion of its well-bred young men will never so far forget the respect due to themselves as to be mistaken for Americans.

A LABOR UNION—The Canal Mule and the Solitary-suspended Boy Beating Him with a Rail.

WHY is it that as soon as a man leaves his office at night the boy takes ineffable delight in writing his name on the blotting-paper and sticking the mucilage-brush in the ink?



## DIARIES OF THE DAY.

## VII.

## THE OLD MAID'S DIARY.

AUGUST.

*August 1st.*—That ridiculous mincing little thing, Maud Jones, is married. At her age, too—only eighteen—a perfect child. What a man can see in such a ridiculous baby, I can't understand. But men have no sense, anyhow. Heaven be praised, I have nothing to do with them. That's just what I told Mr. McBooze this morning. He said that it was a good thing to cultivate a grateful mind.

*August 2nd.*—I am having my white grenadine made over. I do think a girl looks so well in white—so sweetly virginal. White always did become me. And then it is such a poetical, romantic color. In all the really good novels one reads how the heroine made *such* an impression on the hero when she went to her first ball dressed in "some gauzy, gossamer-like fabric of snowy white." The novelists never say what the fabric is. I wonder if it is a grenadine. I must write to a novelist some time and ask him. But then if he is a man he won't know anything about it. Men never do. Last summer Mr. McBooze called my grenadine dress "a mosquito-netting frock," when I asked him how he liked it.

*August 5th.*—The grenadine looks perfectly lovely. No one would ever know it was made over. I am going to wear a sash with it. I believe in being in the prevailing style; but I trust I have too much individuality and nobility of soul to make myself a slave to the petty caprices of fashion. A sash becomes me, and I shall wear it, no matter what the other girls do. I don't know whether to choose cerise pink or baby blue, though. I wore pink at the Centennial; but I think the blue is more in my peculiar style. Several men have told me so when I asked them. I suppose even *men* could see that. I think I will choose blue, and if there is a piece left over, I will make a necktie for Mr. McBooze. Poor man! he has no one to make neckties for him. He has to buy them.

*August 7th.*—I have not yet decided where to go for the summer. I should like to find some place where there are no men. But then if there were no men there would be no women, for the foolish creatures all run after the other sex—with a few noble exceptions. And while I don't care anything for men, or for women either, it would certainly be very lonely all by myself. I think I must try to find some place where there are only a few men, and those of the bearable sort. I must ask Mr. McBooze. Perhaps he knows.

DORA READ GOODALE has written a charming poem entitled: "The Heart of Summer." What Miss Goodale ought to do now is to give us a few companions to the above-mentioned. We think she might find fitting subjects in "The Varicose Veins of Autumn," "The Lungs of Winter," and "The Diaphragm of Spring."

THE LOCALITY where we are long-ing to see a strike is with a club on the head of New York stage-drivers who won't stop for a passenger to get in, and who drive at a pace of 2:50 when he intimates a wish to get out of the vehicle.

## AN ARCADIAN TALE.

[We have received the following communication from the wilds of Mamaroneck. We do not vouch for the accuracy of its statements. But it has a simple rustic sweetness that seems to us strangely dear and precious.—ED. PUCK.]

## BILL SYKES'S TWELVE-POUND HAM.

'T was in a country grocery-store—  
The lamps were not yet lighted,  
The clerks were flying here and there,  
Where'er a dime they sighted.

Bill Sykes had bought a twelve-pound ham,  
And on the counter placed it,  
While he went to buy some whiskey straight,  
And probably to taste it.

A colored couple soon came in,  
With basket, bag and baby,  
To buy some sugar, starch and tea,  
And a little gin—ger, maybe.

She laid the baby down beside  
Bill Sykes's twelve-pound ham,  
And began to purchase articles,  
With help from her husband, Sam.

Bill soon came back from his whiskey straight,  
A little worse for drink.  
"Hic, I'll be going home," he said:  
"It's almost time, I think."

It was nearly dark, as I said before,  
The lamps were not yet lighted;  
And the whiskey Bill had taken  
Made him, so to speak, near-sighted.

He moved toward the counter,  
And grasped the brunette child,  
Thinking it was his twelve-pound ham,  
So tender, sweet and mild.

Next morning, feeling hungry,  
He gets his knife and saw,  
And prepares to slice his twelve-pound ham  
According to the law.

"What's this?" he cried, in great surprise,  
As the baby gave a screech;  
And Bill began to use some words  
That the ministers don't preach.

He rushed down to the grocery-store,  
And found out his mistake;  
Then to the colored woman's house  
The baby he did take.

He found his tender twelve-pound ham  
Sleeping quietly in the bed;  
A rattle-box was by its side,  
And a milk-bottle near its head.

JNO. SMASHPIPE, JR.

THE ASSYRIAN PUP will not refuse  
The manuscripts PUCK can not use.

## DIARIES OF THE DAY.

## VIII.

## THE DAIRY-MAID'S DIARY.

AUGUST.

*August 1st.*—The old gentleman at the table in the corner wanted oatmeal and butter and a glass of half-milk and half-cream and two rolls. I gave him some cornbread and a plate of hominy and a cup of tea. Told him that was a better sort of diet for a man of his age. He said I was an impertinent hussy, and I told him that if he didn't stop talking to me in that way I'd complain to the boss. The young fellow at Mame Dempsey's table laughed fit to split and said I was a daisy. He's an awful good-looker.

*August 2nd.*—I set the butter-plate just in front of the sugar-bowl, so that he put his knuckles in it when he reached for the sugar. He glared at me kinder mad. The young fellow thought it was awful funny.

*August 4th.*—The young fellow that used to be at Mame Dempsey's table has come over to mine. Mame Dempsey is awful cross about it; but I don't care. He's real good-looking. Mame Dempsey says he's a dude; but that's just because she's jealous. She's an awful mean thing. I wish the old man at the table in the corner would go over to Mame Dempsey's table. He's just about as cross as she is, and they'd just about match. I kept him waiting twenty minutes to-day, and he didn't like it a bit.

*August 6th.*—The young fellow is perfectly splendid. He told me to-day I had lots of style about me. I gave him an extra glass of cream, and didn't put it in the check. He's a gentleman, and he knows how to treat a lady. Mame Dempsey saw me give him the cream, and she said she'd tell the boss on me; but I told her if she did I'd tell who it was put the fly-paper in the old man's bread and milk. He's at her table now, and I hope she likes it.

*August 7th.*—The old man was awful grumpy to-day about the rice, which was burnt, and the young fellow and I had lots of fun watching him scolding Mame Dempsey. The young fellow brought me a paper of caramels to-day, and I gave him two helps of oatmeal. He has got an awful good appetite; but he is just real sweet. He must think a lot of me. I wonder if he's rich. I should like to marry a rich man. It's terrible hard to give up your independence; but slinging plates of mush ain't much independence, anyway.

*August 8th.*—Perhaps I was a little too sudden about rattling the old gentleman. Mame Dempsey says he's a retired plumber, and awful rich.

THE LIGHT OF ASIA—The Japanese Lantern.

ONE OF the most amusing sights that this world holds forth to us miserable sinners is a house-dog sitting in a garden-walk making the wildest kind of wild endeavors to grab a fly that is carefully keeping on the outside of his muzzle.

Now DOTH the airy dragon-fly  
Dust when it sees the wagon fly  
Down the road at the rate  
Of a two-forty gait;  
But when the bard sees the flagon  
fly,  
He ceases to scoff  
Right off.

## IT BEATS LAWN-TENNIS.



THIS IS THE NEW GAME AMONG THE SEA-SIDE HOTEL WAITERS,  
CALLED "CHUCKING THE PLATE."

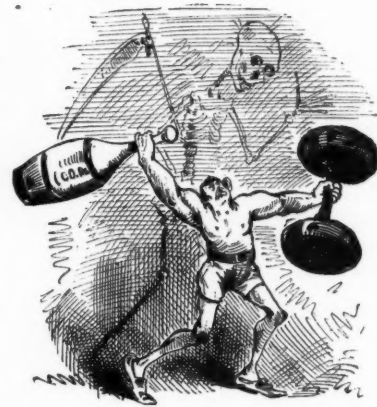
## MUSCULAR MANIACS.



He who Runs can Read; but Not when He is a Born Idiot.



Mightier than Muscle.



Holds Out Two Hundred Pounds—but Doesn't Hold Out to Three-Score-Years-and-Ten.

## MIDSUMMER.

The heart of Summer is now throbbing for all it is worth,

The bull-frog in the swamplet croaks his mirth.

The squirrel hops about from tree to tree,  
And the tiger-lily is nodding like a veiled sultana, or an unveiled sultana, for that matter, both in woodland and in lea.

Just see the grand expanse of gold in yonder fields. It is rye, it is wheat, it is corn,  
Just as sure as you are born.

Now all the wood is filled with roses wild,  
And the farmer who has to give up his whole establishment to city relatives, and go with his family and camp out on the roof for the rest of the season, is pretty badly riled.

Just see those little ragged boys with un-combed hair loitering on the road-side playing marbles, and fooling their valuable time away.  
Well, it's much better than raking up the hay.

Now the billy  
Gets a focus  
On the lily  
And the crocus,

And all nature seems to be running riot in a luxurious and a golden hocus-Pokus.

The love-lorn maiden sits and reads a book  
Beneath the spreading limbs of a giant oak,  
in which the robins happily sing and flutter around, but occasionally descend to splash around in the babbling brook.

Summer-boarders are so happy to get away from the crowded city that they are beside themselves with joy. They walk through the woods, beside the lakes and over the mountains all day long,

And their hearts are full of song  
Till they hear the dinner-gong,  
And they then begin to sicken  
As they think about the chicken  
Of the Spring—  
That chicken miser-able  
Which they'll find upon the table  
When unto the same they wing.  
Ding-dong!

Now it is that the farmer, that muchly venerated and poet-praised individual who is supposed to be the happiest mortal on earth—the most independent being known, as well as one who might be not inappropriately regarded as a lord,  
Lives in the barn, and takes folks in to board.

Now the scarlet tiger-lily  
In the woodland cool and chilly

Is serenely nodding, and filling itself with dew—mountain-dew, if you please—and as these long dreamy days full of music pass away, the miasmatic mud-hole over yonder is filled with uncouth barbarians who are known to each other as Yaller, Snooks, Nigger, Jack and Billy.

And occasionally one of them cries,  
And that shout  
Must just about  
Reach the skies:  
"Chaw roast-beef, the beef's very tough!"

And the boys who are dressed on the bank think it splendid fun; but it is entirely different with the boys in the mud-hole,

For they cry,  
And loudly swear,  
And threaten to shy  
Rocks through the air  
At those  
Boys who chawed their clothes,

And hastily conclude that they have of natorial pieasure had enough.

Just see them chew the knots out with their teeth,  
And dance around on the shore, and vow some pointed instrument of death into each "chawer" to ensheath.

See that dog  
Sitting by the log  
Like a frog?  
Soon will that doglet run  
Through the sun;  
For the small boys sitting on yon rail  
His happiness will settle,  
For they'll soon attach a kettle  
To his tail:  
And they'll then cast stones at him,  
As his master casts bones at him,  
And he'll run,  
And he'll run,  
And he'll make an awful noise,  
And the fun,  
And the fun  
He will not see  
As vividlee  
As will the happy boys.

And this is about all we know of midsummer and its raptures and its joys. R. K. M.

## O MAN IN THE MOON!

Oh, tell me of some of the things you've seen  
Since you first looked down on this mundane sphere!  
If your memory's as good as your eyes seem keen,  
And your tongue you will wag, I'll lend you my ear—  
I'll lend you my ear for a day and a night:  
O Man in the Moon! hear one who begs;  
If you will tell me something you know, I'll write—  
"I've seen some of your ancestors walk on four legs!"

O Man in the Moon! how many times  
Have you looked upon earth since the world began?  
"Millions! billions! O writer of rhymes—  
Ages before I saw primeval man!"  
Were the mighty oceans inhabited plains—  
The oceans to-day alive with sails?  
Did my ancestors all sport classical names?  
"No; but they sported remarkable tails!"

When you first looked down from your awful height—  
I mean the first time of the many since then—  
Oh, what did you see in that wonderful night?  
Tell me! and I'll tell the children of men.  
Was the world all water, or was it all land?  
Did the wind sing high, or did it sing low?  
Was the loneliness awful, sublime and grand?  
"Ask Tilden or Dana—they both ought to know!"

I'm afraid you're a joker, O Man in the Moon!  
But tell me, O Man! was it blowing a gale  
When the whale swallowed Jonah? "My lad, you're  
a loon;

For Jonah, you know, got away with the whale!"  
Did you see Sampson's mistress cut off Sampson's hair?  
O Man in the Moon! why did n't you shout,  
And wake Sampson up? "Have a care—have a care!  
"T was John L.—not Delilah—who knocked Sampson  
out!"

O Man in the Moon! were the men as great  
In by-gone days—in the days that have fled—  
As they are to-day? Did the great men hate  
The fortunate living and blackguard the dead?  
Who were the two greatest men you e'er saw,  
Since the first long night you looked down below?  
"The two intellectual gems without flaw  
(In their own estimation) are Albert and Joe!"

Were there men before Adam, and women ere Eve  
Walked with Adam through Eden, sans sorrow and care?

"One of your blood was an ape, I believe!  
And your great-great-uncle, I know, was a bear!"  
How passed they their time in those wonderful days?  
Did they hunt—did they fish? If they did, with what  
luck?

"Oh, in hunting and fishing—in various ways—  
But chiefly in reading the pages of PUCK!"

JOHN E. McCANN.

\* Can he mean that?—perish the thought!



## CONVENTIONAL LOCALITIES.

Democrats and Republicans long for a change; especially Democrats, who not only yearn to take charge of the Government, but also to hold their great Jumbo four-yearly Convention at a place that will give them more luck than they have had during the past twenty years.

Saratoga is the bright particular locality that is talked about for the purpose. It has such extensive hotel accommodation, and there is an air of luxury and wealth pervading the atmosphere. Besides, most of the men who are likely to be delegates to the Conventions have never, perhaps, in their lives had a well-cooked meal such as tradition credits to the Saratoga hotel-keeper. The delegate is usually a man who has been brought up to look upon corned-beef-and-cabbage as an Apician luxury.

It is not at all improbable that a Saratoga Convention may nominate the next President, and several hundred hotel-keepers in other regions are of the opinion that they have been badly treated, and that each one's special village or resort is the right place to hold the circus.

We have been permitted to bring our clear blue eye to bear on several letters on the subject from a number of indignant landlords and disappointed local magnates who cannot see what there is about Saratoga that is superior to their private Paradises.

*A Protest from Hoboken.*

LEBERWURST HOTEL, Hoboken.

Herr Samuel J. Tilden:

Dot ain't no good, nohow. Votfor you hafe dot Convention bei Saratoga? You no can got dot Sharman vote in a place like dot. Ven ein Convention is in Hoboken geheld, denn dose Sharman vote for you like vun man. Don't you forgot dot. Hoboken dot Convention must habe!

FRITZ SCHMIDT DONNERWETTER.

*A Strong Argument.*

SQUONK HOUSE, North Squonk, N. Y.

John Kelly, Esq., Tammany Hall, New York—Sir:

I am told you are going to run the Democratic party in the next Presidential campaign, and that you have pitched upon Saratoga for holding the Convention. Don't do it—unless you want to see the party defeated. Saratoga is not the place for the business. It is too expensive, and too far from New York. Squonk is the spot—especially North Squonk—for a Convention. Everybody has heard of it, and there is room on the land where the Squonk House stands to build a hundred hotels to accommodate delegates and visitors. There are no mosquitos. The whiskey and beer are of good quality, and there is a Baptist Church in the neighborhood, and fine skating.

Squonk has been neglected, and now the time has arrived to make amends. At present I have accommodation for seventy-five guests. Terms, nine dollars a week; two dollars a day. If you can manage to fix things, I will make it worth your while. If the delegates once manage to get here, I'll bet that Saratoga won't be heard of again. I inclose stamp for reply.

Yours truly,

EZRA P. DOWNHILL,

Proprietor.

NINEVEH, Duskyroarer Co., Fla.

Henry M. Watterson, Esq.—Sir:

What's the use of talking about the North and South being reconciled, when the North never feels happy unless it is jumping on us? I say this is so, and all the mudsills know it, and I am prepared to give satisfaction to any one of them who denies it. I want them to understand that I am a Southern gentleman, sir, although I keep a small boarding-house to obtain food and raiment. How much longer is the down-trodden South to allow the Presidential Conventions to be held up North? Why can't they have them here just as well as in Chicago, Cincinnati or St. Louis? Why not hold the next Democratic Convention in Nineveh, the glorious place that gave me birth? But no! these Northern politicians won't do it. They talk about Saratoga. Saratoga? Who ever heard

of Saratoga? No Southern chivalrous gentleman or statesman would so far forget himself as to go to such a place. I hope that all Southern delegates will absent themselves from both Conventions, unless they are held here, where the original Presidents were made. I carry two seven-shooters, and my name is

SIMON ST. SCUMSTER.

*A Good Suggestion.*

BLOOMINGDALE, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Dana:

Will you use your influence to have the Democratic Convention held here instead of in Saratoga? We have not had any excitement for a long time. We need it.

Yours hilariously,

ISAIAH CRANKUM.

## "WINGED."

There's an archer in your eyes,  
In your glorious eyes, my belle,  
And he marked me for a prize;  
So he shot me, merry-wise,  
And from giddy heights I fell  
Dead—in love with you, my belle.

Ah, that ruthless archer knows  
That your eyes are starry bright—  
That your rich complexion glows  
With the lily and the rose—  
That your hair is black as night,  
For your beauty is his might.

So from giddy heights I fell,  
And I fluttered at your feet.  
Claim me as your prey, my belle;  
You have hit me passing well,  
For your triumph is complete,  
And my woe is—bitter-sweet.

SIOUX BRUBAKER.

## Answers for the Anxious.

A. G. H.—Thanks.

GIL FORDE.—Thanks.

HASELTINE.—She remains on strike.

W. P., Burling Slip.—We don't understand you.

LEBANON FRIEND, AND 1163 OTHERS.—Localettes positively called in. We heave you a load of thanks, all the same.

F. J. B., Reynoldsville.—You have copied out our "Pet Phrases" very neatly; but we don't see that that would justify us in publishing them over again. Still, it shows industry, and it has probably amused you.

F. F. R., Bridgeport.—"Who is the best phrenologist in New York?" Well, there's one here on a visit from Boston who can raise more lumps on your head in three minutes by the Marquis of Queensberry clock than Nature could in twenty years. He can feel 'em all again, too, if he wants to; and so can you, without having to want very hard. His name is Sullivan. John L. Sullivan.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Henry Clay Lukens, the humorist of the New York *News*, has collected some of the best of his clever sketches in a little volume under the title of "Jets and Flashes." It is well illustrated by René Bach, and is certain to have a large sale. The John W. Lovell Company are the publishers.

We have received from Clarke Bros., Bible House, a copy of the first issue of (Doctor) *Dio Lewis's Monthly*. It is bound in mustard-plaster-colored cover, and is full of cranky common-sense about our habits of eating and drinking and taking exercise. There are various outline sketches in it, and one of them shows the editor's idea of a nice girl. We don't wish to appear boastful or to betray any holy confidences; but we can't help saying that it looks to us as if the Doctor had had pretty hard luck as a masher.

We have just received *The Manhattan* for August. It is quite up to the standard of a first-class magazine in every particular, and looks as though it has come to stay. There is a well illustrated and entertaining paper on "Florence the Beautiful," by J. Heard. F. E. Fryatt tells what she knows about "Carpets and Carpet Designing," and there is another instalment of "Beatrix Randolph," by Julian Hawthorne. "London Literature and Art" is discussed by W. J. Loftie, and there are other papers by Kate Field, Helen Zimmern, Philip Bourke Marston and Margaret P. Janes. Besides this, there are poems by John Vance Cheney, Wm. H. Hayne, Edmund W. Gosse, H. C. Faulkner, Robertson Trowbridge and James Whitcomb Riley. "Salmagundi" is a treat from beginning to end.

"Hot Plowshares" has been on deck for some time. It is a historical novel by Albion W. Tourgee, author of "Bricks Without Straw," "A Fool's Errand," "John Eax" and other books. Also the man who lectures on the "Ben Adhamite Period," and "Give Us a Rest," and edits *Our Continent*. A man that can do so many things and still find time to write to bewildered correspondents regarding the correct pronunciation of his name, and live, is a man that is entitled to a good notice, at any and all times. This is what Sitting Bull said at a banquet recently at Cheyenne:

"Without doubt, Judge Tourgee is a bold man, and a persevering one, to have conceived nearly twenty years ago the idea of a series of fictitious narratives which should help to give a true idea of the tremendous era of our civil war, its Southern and Northern elements, its causes and consequences; and to have succeeded in accomplishing it. Moreover, without the added touch of genius, his boldness and persistency would have served him but lamely, as the first requisite for success in literature is to win readers—and that he has abundantly secured to himself by his vigorous originality, his keenness of observation, justness of thought, and remarkable powers of description and dramatic presentation."

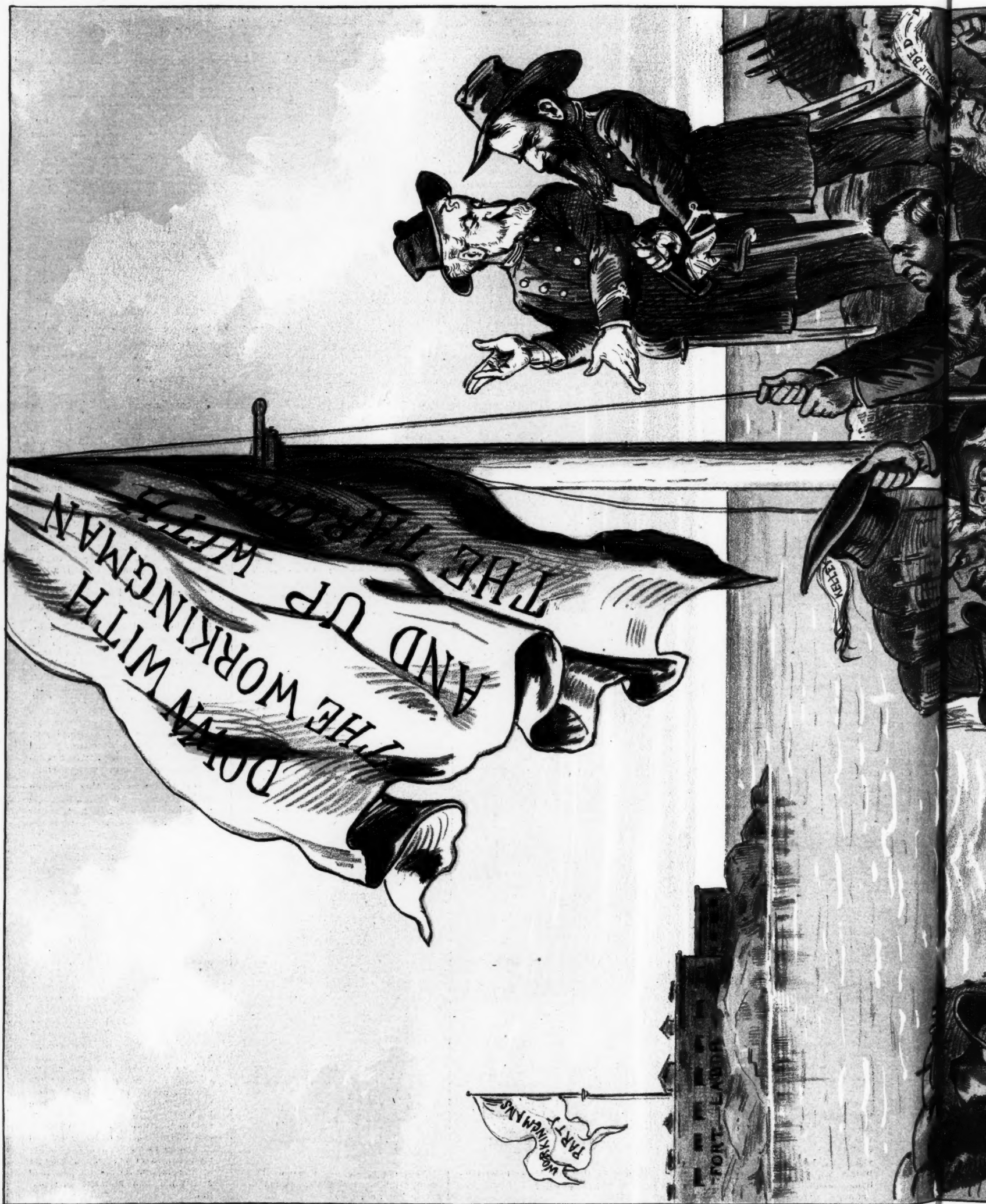
## THE STREETS OF NEW YORK, No. XV.



Can it be that this desperate wretch is about to commit suicide?

Well, not to any great extent; he is simply exhibiting "McSlider's Patent Fire Escape" to the public.

POCK.



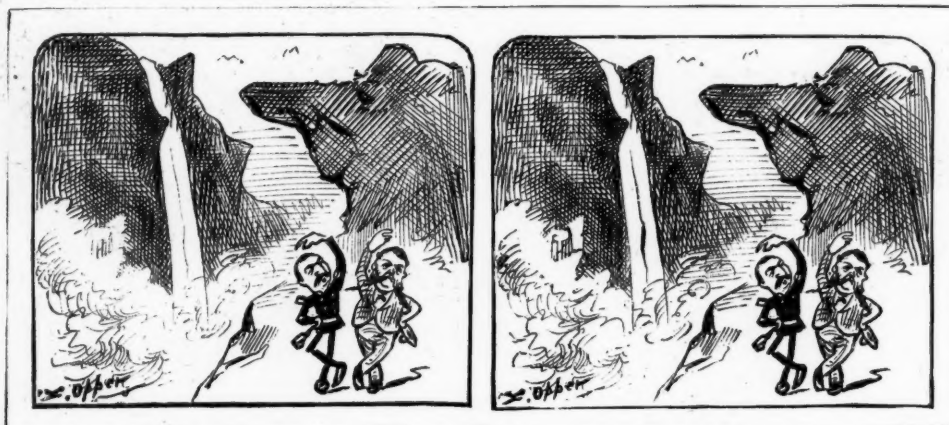




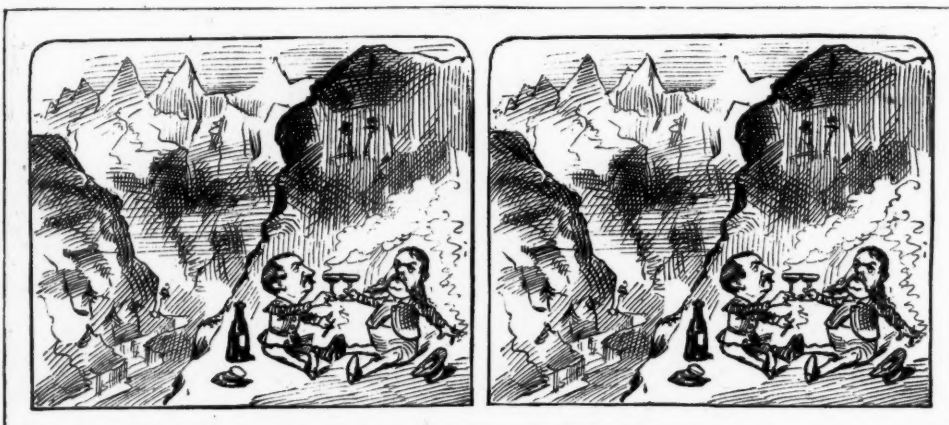
THE ALLIES UNDER THE NEW FLAG.—THE REPUBLICANS AND THE MONOPOLISTS TRAIN THEIR GUNS ON THE WORKINGMEN.

## THE PRESIDENT'S WESTERN TRIP.

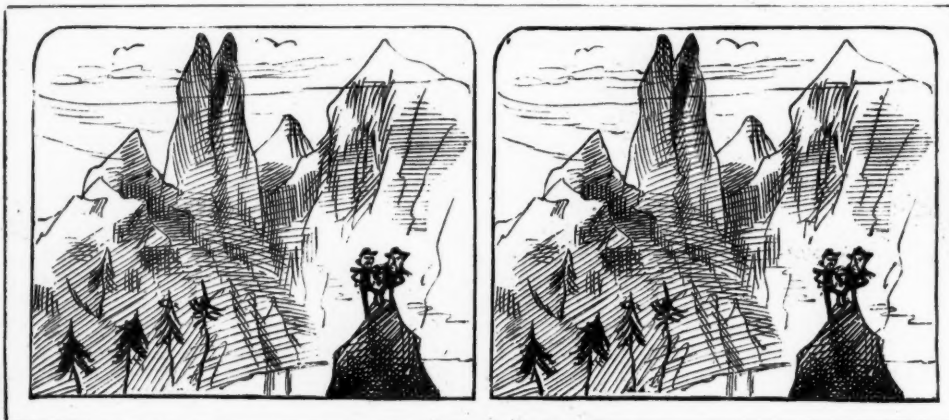
NOW IS THE TIME FOR DEALERS TO HAVE THEIR YOSEMITE VALLEY VIEWS TAKEN.



View of Bugle Rock, showing the President and General Sheridan.



View showing Yosemite Valley, with President Arthur and General Sheridan in foreground.



View of Cathedral Rock and Saddle Rock, with Toothpick Rock in foreground, showing President Arthur and General Sheridan.

## AN IDYL OF OCEAN.

"Yes; right there. Look out for the boom!" The speaker stood on the end of the small dock, holding the painter of a magnificent ten-foot catboat in his left hand, while he assisted Flora McGinty into the vessel with his right. The bronzed nose, standing boldly out from under his peaked cap, and the corduroy knee-breeches betokened his noble blood.

The lovely maiden on whom he had cast the straight flush of his young affection made an entrancing picture in the noble craft.

The day was beautiful with sunshine as they departed, and far away over the blue water the white sails twinkled against the bluer outline of the shore.

"How lovely it is!" she murmured, soulfully. "You bet your life," he responded, with a tender smile: "But I'd rather tack. It's more fun than going before the wind."

And then presently she said:

"Oh, Gus, may I steer?"

"Yes. Here, take her while I pull up the centre-board. Keep her straight."

She put her lily hand on the tiller, and looked at him fondly as he yanked on the rope, forgetting all else in her sense of rest and happiness.

Their bodies were found two days afterward. The noble craft had jibed.

SPECIFIC GRAVITY—The Patent Medicine Testimonial Lie.

## CURRENT COMMENT.

A POET WROTE:

"Her little waist was trim and taper,"

and the compositor set the line all right, with the exception of the word "taper," which he, of course, set up "to per."

It is said that the receipts of the big Saratoga hotels must be \$4,000 a day to make any kind of a profit. This is the reason why most Saratoga hotels can make a fortune during the season, even if there is but one guest in the house.

WHEN GOLDSMITH wrote: "Remote, unfriended, melancholy slow," he probably had in his mind a being that he could not define intelligibly, but which has since become familiar to us all in the person of the champion slow, otherwise the messenger-boy.

AN EXCHANGE has an able article entitled: "Discounting Fiction." We do not see why our contemporary should waste three columns on such a subject, when it might simply have said that the proper and most effectual way to discount fiction is to tell the truth.

THERE ARE few things in the world that are better calculated to upset a man, and destroy his mental equilibrium, than to come downstairs in the morning, and spend about five minutes in carefully brushing another man's hat under the impression that it is his own.

IT IS all well enough to decry the fashion which some girls still cling to of having their hair cut short; but there is some beauty about it after all, and, what is more, short hair cannot become so badly disarranged as to wake the slightest suspicion when the owner flies into the light at the other end of the tunnel.

TEMPERANCE ORATORS claim that nothing will bring a man down quicker than rum. A young man who knows what he is talking about says that an ordinary one-dollar-a-set-croquet-wicket nestling in the grass on the lawn will double-discount rum every time, and yank the dignity out of you just as effectually—especially if the front stoop is groaning under the weight of about half-a-ton of pretty girl.

Now THE poet's golden wish  
Is to sit beside the brook,  
And to yank the little fish  
Out upon a little hook.  
Or to sit within a nook,  
And peruse some precious book,  
And to watch the poppies blow  
All among the golden wheat,  
And to hear the breezes blow  
Melodies most strangely sweet,  
And to stroke the Durham bull  
On his coat, as sleek as silk,  
All because the bardlet's full  
To the brim with buttermilk.

WHILE A YOUNG man was sleeping peacefully in a café chair the other evening, a small boy came along and put about five thicknesses of paper inside of his hat; and when that man woke up, a little later, it was fun to see him try in every conceivable way to get his hat on, and look into a glass to see if his head was swollen, and to ask every one if he looked as if he had been on a spree, and to assure his friends that he couldn't remember having been intoxicated for a month. All the time the boy stood by and enjoyed the fun, and if the man could have caught him after he exposed the mystery, there would not have been a sorer boy in the United States.



## CONSCIENCE-EASE.

Ali Ben Haroun—(may his tribe increase,  
And may his days be long and end in peace!)—  
To distant Mecca made his morning bow,  
Then o'er the Koran bent his thoughtful brow,  
And as he read of houris—aged sinner—  
He smacked his lips as though he smelt his dinner.

With awe he pondered o'er the holy text  
About the bridge 'twixt this world and the next,  
(Than spider's web more fine,) o'er which must skate  
All souls who 'd reach the adamant gate.  
As Haroun read, he thought he knew a few  
Who 'd never quite succeed in pulling through.

"There 's Ahmed Achmet, he 's so weighed with hate  
He 's sure to fail the silken bridge to skate.  
'But those who love are saved,' saith Al Koran.  
(Ach! by the Prophet, how I loathe the man!)  
'T will be a most unfathomable riddle  
Should Ahmed Achmet get beyond the middle.

"There 's self-conceited Solomon Benairs,  
Who loves his person better than his prayers;  
Though, if he had *my* head, *my* beard, *my* feet,  
There might be some excuse for his conceit.  
His contour 's naught 'gainst mine—such pride I hate—  
Across the bridge Benairs can never skate.

"There 's Abdul Hafid, covetous as hell,  
He 'll never cross the bridge, I know right well!  
Envy can never view the face divine—  
(His wife 's a darling—would that she were mine!)  
Then, filled with peace, he fell upon his knees:  
"I thank thee, Allah, I am naught like these!"

T. F.

## MIDSUMMER FASHIONS.

To lock up your city establishment, and sit  
on the roof all day to secure a bronze tone that  
will pass among your friends for sea-side tan,  
when you meet them in the Fall—

To purchase a straw hat for a dollar, and im-  
mure the advertisement of the obscure maker  
under a delicate pink hat-band worked by gen-  
tle Elaine Esmeralda—

To wear a cheap flannel shirt and canvas  
shoes every day to appear fashionable, and save  
your two white shirts and single pair of shoes  
for the autumn—

To lie in a hammock half the day with your  
hat over your face—

To insist on putting a spoonful of brandy or  
whiskey into every glass of water you drink in  
the country, to prevent indisposition from par-  
taking too freely of strange water, you know—

To wear a handful of mud, cut on the bias  
and shirred, on a hornet sting—

To chase butterflies with a scap-net and a  
pretty girl, and put one arm around her to keep  
her from fainting while you are pinning them on  
a cork—

To stop on the road and call a hard-working  
farmer, and get him to travel from the middle  
of a meadow, an eighth of a mile distant, down  
to the road, and then ask him how far it is to  
the next village—

To have twenty-five Worth dresses and stay  
in a place twenty-five days, wearing a different  
dress every day, and, at the expiration of the  
twenty-fifth day, to go somewhere else and do  
the same act over, and keep on doing it for the  
season—

To tell your wife that smoking keeps mos-  
quitos away, in order that you may smoke as  
many cigars as you please without being accused  
of unparalleled extravagance—

To hire a bathing-suit, and, when you come  
to put it on, to discover that it is either twice  
too large or twice too small for you—

To wear a cabbage-leaf in your Panama hat—

To suffer unspeakable torture over a plate of  
ice-cream, and pretend you like it better than  
anything else on earth, because you have just  
been obliged, by a conspicuous swinging sign,  
to ask a young lady in to have some—

To ride about in a village-cart at twilight,  
and to regulate the horse's speed according to  
the beauty and value of your clothes and the  
turnout—

To miss the croquet-ball, and hit your foot  
so hard with the mallet that you are almost up-  
set, and assure Clara Vere de Vere that you  
didn't feel it at all—

To secure the highest, the smallest and the  
hottest room in the rural boarding-house, and a  
bed so lumpy that you get up in the night and  
lie down on the floor to find a soft spot—

To go to bed at eight P. M., to have the nice,  
long, refreshing sleep peculiar to agriculturists  
—according to poets—and be kept awake all  
night by mosquitos, bull-frogs and tree-toads—

To camp out by some woodland lake for a  
week, get half starved, and return to the city  
prostrated with malaria—

To lie under a huge shade-tree to enjoy a nap,  
and have a lot of insects tumble down your  
neck, and the house-dog suddenly appear and  
run about a yard of his tongue out, and wipe  
it across your eyes before you know what's the  
matter—

To go fishing with a girl, and bait the hook  
for her, and remove the fish—if she keeps still  
long enough to catch one. And then to walk  
through the woods and over a hill and through  
a swamp to reach a spring to get some drinking-  
water. And then, when you reach the spring,  
to have to skim a lot of wood, weeds and dragon-  
flies, and lie on your stomach on the ground,  
and spoil your shirt-front hauling up water—

To lie in bed and toss around, and make up  
your mind that the best thing you can do is to  
get out on the roof—

To make a terrific crack at a mosquito, miss  
the enterprising insect, and fetch yourself one  
on the side of the head hard enough to knock  
you out over the foot-board of the bed—

To wear a long drab duster, buttoned to the  
neck, to make you look horsey and cover up  
your last summer's suit of Scotch tweed—

To hear the merchant say that he has been  
in business for thirty years, and has not yet been  
able to take a holiday—

To take a young lady to a hop at the sea-  
side, and fill her with caramels on the way, and  
then have her dance with some other fellow all  
the evening—

To order a plate of clam-chowder at the sea-  
shore, and look at it with a telescope to see  
where the clam is located—

To drift with a pretty girl on a placid lake  
at twilight, and watch her dainty jeweled fingers  
trail in the water, and tell her delicate senti-  
mental lies, and linger happily in the sunshine  
of two throbbing seal-brown eyes, peeping coyly  
beneath the brim of a light and airy Leghorn—

To write the same verse in the autograph-  
album of every young lady who asks you—

To spoil your clothes and rasp all the skin  
off your hands, and get lots of bark in your  
eyes and shoes, climbing up a tree that you  
can't reach half way around to put up a swing  
for a young lady, who stands by and regards  
your efforts with a smile—

To row up a creek, and get your hands cov-  
ered with blisters as large as croquet-balls, and  
tell every one what a nice time you had—

To purchase a copy of PUCK ON WHEELS, of  
all news-dealers; price twenty-five cents.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE *Commercial Advertiser* asks the question:  
"Do Chinamen eat rats?" We don't know, but  
we think that some members of the Brotherhood  
of Telegraphers would like to, if they could.

WHAT MAKES a barber crazy during the heated  
or any other term, is to have one of his best  
customers come in and lay down a pair of  
razors, and ask him what he will charge for  
putting them in order.

IN THE city, men lie around a barber-shop  
all Sunday morning, but in the country they put  
on their numbers like liver-pads, and climb up  
into trees and read the papers. When the barber  
wants them he simply shakes them down.

## TIME WORKS WONDERS.



1853—WHAT HE WAS.



1883—WHAT HE WANTS TO BE.

SAMPLES FROM "PUCK ON WHEELS" FOR 1883.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

CITY AND COUNTY OF } ss.  
SKINEATELES, MICH.  
In District Court Four-Eleven-Forty-Fourth Judicial District.  
RACHEL DUSENBURY, *Washwoman*,

vs.  
DANTE MIASMATIC MARLOWE, *American Humorist*.

Execution.

By virtue of an execution issued out of said court, and to me directed, in favor of Rachel Dusenbury and against said Dante Miasmatic Marlowe, for the sum of one dollar (\$1) and interest thereon, and seven dollars and fifty-five cents (\$7.55) costs, I have levied upon and will sell at the west front door of the court-house at Skineateles City, Mich., on the twenty-fifth day of September, A. D. 1883, at two o'clock P. M. of said day, to the highest and best bidder, for cash in hand, the following described property, to wit:

One Green Apple [used for three years].  
One Bent Pin [nearly new].  
One Church-Fair Oyster-Stew [Solitaire].  
One Umbrella.  
One Plate of Coney Island Chowder.  
One Front Gate.  
One Hornet.  
One Spring-Overcoat [with torn lining].  
One Description of Sunday-school Picnic, with full list of funny accidents.  
One Snow-Ball.  
One Night-Key, with Lodge-Excuse Attachment.  
Two Bathing-Suits.  
One Spring-Chicken.  
One Actress Having Her Diamonds Grabbed.  
One Goat.  
One Glass of Red Lemonade.

One Set of Hand-Made Questions for "Answers to Correspondents."  
One Bean-Shooter.  
One Tramp [Jersey stock].  
One Fly [goes with bald head, as per cut].



One Banana-Skin.  
One Tall-Thin-Man, with about three weeks' growth of beard, who walks in and says: "Are you the editor?"

One Yard of Red Flannel for Trousers-Seats.  
One Pair of Lavender Trousers.  
One Set of Letters of Indignation, signed "Justice," "Fair Play," "Veritas," etc., suitable for comic replies to fill space.  
One Accordeon.  
One Cornet.  
One Dozen Pieces of Stove-Pipe that won't fit together.  
One Cucumber.  
One Copy of "Murphy's Method of Burlesquing Young Ladies' Commencement Essays."  
One Custard-Pie.  
One Slippery Walk.  
One Set of Shad-Bones, with map of human throat.  
One Easter Bonnet.  
One Cake of Yellow Soap and a Flight of Stairs.  
One Railroad Sandwich.  
One Mule [about five years old].

Said property will be sold at the time and place above named, to satisfy said execution and costs of this proceeding.

JOHN BROWN SMITH,  
Sheriff Skineateles County,  
per R. K. M.

## IN THE GLOAMING.

JANE

Is wandering down the lane.  
She  
Is feeling light-hearted and free  
As  
The golden butterfly, which has  
A  
Good right to feel light-hearted and gay.  
But  
Jane cannot keep her mouth shut,  
So  
She singeth sweetly in the after-glow  
Of  
Roses, ice-cream, caramels and love,

And looks as gentle as a  
turtle-dove—

Fair  
As a bird in the air.  
I  
Would like to steal behind  
her, sly,  
And take her by  
Surprise,  
And clap my hands around  
her eyes  
And kiss her, just for fun,  
And run.



JOHN SMITH'S SON, Aged 43.

"FAIF," said a darkey in the meat-market the other day: "am jes' dis: I has faif in yo' meats bein' tendah, kase I'se dun los' my teef an' can't chaw tough beef. Hit am de same faif as I reposes in the doctah; he hain't eben got to look at my teef; but jes' as soon as he sot his eyes onto dis yer carcass of mine I'se a well man, kase I dun got faif in him. But I doan' want to pay moah'n ten cents a pound fo' beef, on faif! No, sah!"—*Elmira Advertiser*.

LUNDBORC'S PERFUMES,  
EDENIA AND MARECHAL NIEL ROSE.

Old friends are best. Swayne's Ointment is the old friend of those suffering from Itching Piles.

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NEW DRESS.

Over 100 Pages.

PUCK ON WHEELS.

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Profusely Illustrated.

JUST OUT.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

There are people who CAN-  
NOT ORIGINATE, but DO  
IMITATE. Therefore

Those who wish to  
obtain the

**GENUINE  
BROWN'S  
GINGER**

Must see that the Bot-  
tle has on it

3

**Trade Mark Labels:**

**I. In Black, White and Red,  
with Signature.**

**II. In Blue, Black and White,  
with Dose and Directions.**

**III. Steel Engraved Label, with  
Head of WASHINGTON in centre,  
and Signature.**

**The Bottle is Wrapped in Blue,  
and is Flask-Shaped or Oval.**

**Frederick Brown,**  
Philadelphia.



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**BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES,**  
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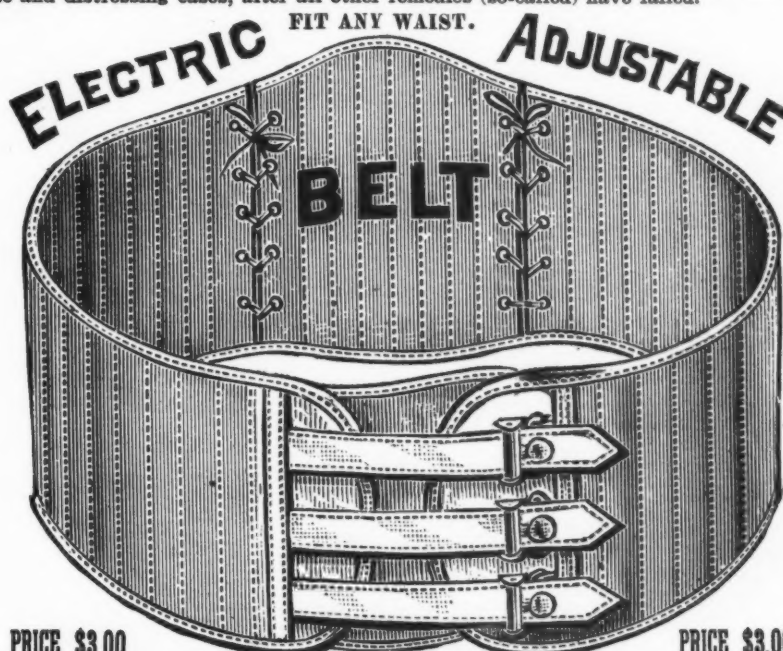
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ITS EXTRAORDINARY CURES ARE TRULY MARVELLOUS.

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From C. W. Hornish.

Dr. Scott, I have spent several hundred dollars in the City of Peoria, doctoring for kidney, liver and nervous diseases, during twelve years, but have received no permanent benefit. I have since worn one of Dr. Scott's Electric Belts, and am entirely cured. I have also found great relief from neuralgia in the use of his Hair Brush.

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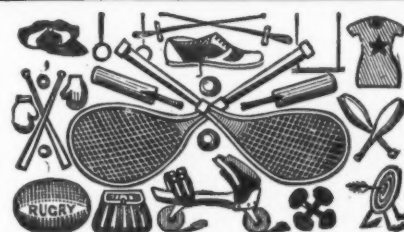
A MAN who was much harassed by his creditors related to a friend a very strange dream that he had had.

"I dreamed that I was dead," he said: "I thought that I passed away peacefully and calmly, and when the mist cleared away from before my eyes I was in that better land where the weary are supposed to be at rest. I was speechless with joy, and for a moment stood enraptured with the beautiful scene that met my eyes and the angel music that came to my ears. Then I started down the golden street, and the first man I met was the sheriff."—*Middletown Transcript*.

It is all nonsense for the head of a family to go to a six-by-four sea-side room or a farm-house garret, and expect to enjoy a pleasant vacation; but it's just the thing if he sends the family, and stays home and enjoys the world.—*Phil. Kronikle Herald*.

Now is the time the gossiping woman throws her apron over her head while talking at the fence with her neighbor, and defies the sun to strike her.—*Kentucky Journal*.

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1. **Powerful BOX SUB-BASS.**
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**CLIP THE FOLLOWING NOTICE AND MAIL WITH ORDER.**  
**No. 111.** Upon receipt of this Notice from any reader of the **PUCK** together with only **\$35.00 CASH**, by P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, Check or Bank Draft, mailed within the limited time as specified, I hereby agree to receive same in full payment for one of my Beatty Organs, New Style, No. 700, &c. Money refunded with interest at 6 per cent. from date of your remittance, if not as represented after one year's use. Signed, **DANIEL F. BEATTY.**

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If you are in need of an Organ, you should avail yourself of the above offer at once, as it will not be repeated. Let me hear from you anyway. (Bear in mind, that I will not deviate from the above offer.) **ORDER IMMEDIATELY.**

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**CONCERT EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING.**

"Did you see that big meteoric display last night?" asked Gus DeSmith of Gilhooly.

"When did it come off?"

"About 9 o'clock. Didn't you see it?"

"No, of course I didn't. I live out in the suburbs of Austin, and never get a chance to see anything that is going on after dark in the business portion of the city.—*Texas Siftings.*"

THERE is a beautiful practice common throughout a portion of Mexico for little children to kneel before a stranger and pray that he may have a safe journey. And the fathers of the children have a practice, not so beautiful, of "layin' for" the stranger in the forest with a jack-knife two feet long.—*New York Graphic.*

"What kind of a business man is Ferguson, who used to live here?" asked Deacon Gilpin of a commercial traveler, the other day.

"He's a poor manager—very poor manager."

"How's that?" asked the Deacon.

"Why, he's been in business six months and hasn't failed yet."—*Marathon Independent.*

AN Altoona man claims to have seen a veritable hoop-snake near that place. It is suspected, however, that he got his feet tangled up in an abandoned hoop-skirt, and naturally had his wits frightened so completely out of him that he mistook the precise nature of his tormentor.—*Lowell Citizen.*

It does not follow that a man is a journalist because he has a free ticket to a picnic.—*N. O. Picayune.*

"\*Winter finds out what Summer lays by." **Kidney - Wort** cures in Winter and in Summer. There is scarcely a person to be found who will not be greatly benefited by a thorough course of **Kidney - Wort** every Spring. If you cannot prepare the dry buy the liquid. It has the same effect.

Do not go to the country without a bottle of **Angostura Bitters** to flavor your Soda and Lemonade, and keep your digestive organs in order. Be sure it is the genuine **Angostura** of world-wide fame, and manufactured only by **Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.**

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**OPIUM and WHISKY HABITS** cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent free.  
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**\$72 A WEEK.** \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address, **TRICE & Co., Augusta, Maine.**

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**\$5 to \$20** per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address, **STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.**



## MAINE MEN.

From Bath, Me., we have received, under date of May 15, 1883, the following statement of GEO. W. HARRISON, the popular, roper or of "The Res aurant": "A few years since I was troubled so severely with kidney and bladder affection that there was brick-dust deposits in my urine, and continual desire to urinate, with severe, darting, sharp pains through my bladder and side, and again, dull, heavy pressure, very tedious to endure. I consulted one of our resident physicians, but I received no benefit from the treatment, and fearing that my symptoms indicated 'Bright's Disease,' the most dreadful of all diseases, I made up my mind that I must obtain relief speedily or I would be past cure. I consulted my druggist, Mr. Webber, and after ascertaining my symptoms, he recommended the use of Hunt's Remedy, as he knew of many successful cures effected by that medicine in similar cases here in Bath. I purchased a bottle, and before I had used the first bottle I found I had received a great benefit, as I suffered less pain, my water became more natural, and I began to improve so much that the second bottle effected a complete cure; and my thanks are due to Hunt's Remedy for restored health, and I cheerfully recommend this most valuable and reliable medicine to my friends, as I consider it a duty as well as a pleasure to do so."

"Being well acquainted with Mr. George W. Harrison at the time of his sickness, referred to in the foregoing testimonial, I can certify to the correctness of the statement made by him."

"W. G. WEBBER, Druggist."

"BATH, ME., May 15, 1883."

## THE STETTIN "STAR."

From Germany, mighty land, afar,  
There came a funny man,  
To sell what he did call his "Star"—  
'Twas Portland Cement he ran.  
He advertised Star Cement every week  
In Boston a "Building News,"  
Beguiling Mary by this trick,  
Who thought it good to use.  
But never a barrel had he in store;  
Before his very place  
They shouted out: "You crazy bore,  
We'll hang you, Dirty Face!"  
Then poor old Gustav lost his heart  
On such a sweet rone-leaf.  
"How dare you?" said Miss Martha, smart:  
"How dare you, Dirty Thief!"  
Say, beautiful, beautiful Portland Star,  
Say, King Cement, so grand,  
Why dost thou shine and reign afar,  
But never in Yankee-land?

## PUCK ON WHEELS

## No IV.

FOR THE SUMMER OF 1883.  
JUST OUT.

This year, PUCK ON WHEELS has a

NEW DRESS,

handsomer than ever, and its contents are brilliant and original, to match its external appearance.

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WITH A

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ENGINEER & MACHINIST.**

Flax, Hemp, Jute, Rope, Oakum, and Bagging Machinery, Steam Engines, Boilers, etc. Sole agent for Mayher's New Patent Acme Steam Engine and Force Pump combined. Also owner and exclusive manufacturer of

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These engines are admirably adapted to all kinds of light power for driving printing presses, pumping water, sawing wood, grinding coffee, ginning cotton, and all kinds of agricultural and mechanical purposes, and are furnished at the following low prices:

- |                       |                       |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 Horse Power, \$150. | 3 Horse Power, \$290. |
| 1½ Horse Power, 190.  | 4 Horse Power, 350.   |
| 2 Horse Power, 245.   | 5 Horse Power, 420.   |

Send for descriptive circular. Address

**J. C. TODD, Paterson, New Jersey,  
Or No. 17 Barclay Street, New York.**

## SONNET ON THE INTOLERABLE CONCEIT OF CRITICS.

You critics! I ignore you graciously,  
And with a touch of pity for you all!  
You leave but inky trails where'er you crawl  
Of your conceit and self-sufficiency.  
You have condemned such of my poetry  
As might have made the tears of angels fall—  
One saying, "It is not original—  
You strive to copy Dante, as I see;"  
Another, "I find Milton's method here;"  
Another, "It is Shakspeare's in design."  
Poor groundlings! haply, even as you sneer,  
This grand old trio, crowned with bays divine,

Are charming all the heavenly atmosphere  
With songs that they have modeled after mine.

—James Whitcomb Riley, in *The Manhattan for August*.

A REPORT FROM HUNTER'S POINT.—An aged publican who keeps a tavern in the neighborhood, the floor of which could only be swept with a hoe, said that he had never noticed anything bad about the factory smells.

The factory-owners had not had sufficient time to decide what to do concerning the Governor's order. They said that they would probably comply with the requirements and continue business. The fertilizer-makers will either have to secure a revocation of the order regarding the use of animal matter, or move their establishments to some other place.—*N. Y. Times*.

A CAMP-MEETING near this city broke up rather suddenly the other day. During a heavy rain-storm all the ministers got wet, and, after listening to twelve ministers with colds in their heads trying to talk, the crowd got mad the next morning and left.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald*.

Two or three weeks' vacation spent at a farmhouse is a great thing for an overworked business man. It so reconciles him to his life in the city.—*Boston Post*.

\*Many ladies who had scarcely enjoyed the luxury of feeling well for years have been so renovated by using Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that they have triumphed over the ill flesh is said to be heir to, and life has been crowned with the added charm of a fresher beauty.

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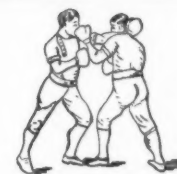
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